

# THE SINGING FROGS

# 5

## PREVIEW WORDS

unless older student typewriting chances passing myself looking happy  
memories thoughts camped edge marshes awake listening tunes frogs  
choir ducked stretched staring disturb quietly walked jacket eased  
concert volume sound nature harmony lullaby soothing particular

## WORDS

Unless you are really an older student of typewriting, the chances	14
are quite good that I am much older than you. With the passing of	27
each year, I find myself looking back at so many happy times when	41
I was young. While I know this is a sure sign of old age, such	53
memories make me very happy, and I want to share this story.	66
The other day, my thoughts ran back to a time when, as a lad,	79
I had camped out in a tent by the edge of some marshes. The night	92
was warm, and I lay awake listening to the tunes sung by the frogs.	106
I do not know any other sound in nature that is half so sweet. Their	120
sounds are all harmony, and I know of no lullaby that is more	133
soothing.	135
The singing of the frogs on this particular night was louder than	149
I had ever heard. As with most pleasant things, there comes a time	162
when you want to turn down the volume or at least change the tune.	176
So it was that, after a while, I knew that I would not be able to	189
sleep until I paid a visit to the concert hall. I eased out of my tent,	204
put on my shoes and jacket, and walked quietly down to the edge of	217
the water. I did not want to disturb the singers although I did want	231
to see what I could do about the volume. As I drew near to the edge	245
of the marsh, I saw a frog sitting still and looking at me with its	258
staring eyes. It was a big one that looked even bigger as he stretched	273
his head to see what kind of thing I was. We looked at each other	286
for what seemed like a very long time. Then he ducked under the	299
water and swam over to the choir. He spoke to them, and for the rest	313
of the night they were quiet.	319

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